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A King Is Crowned

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Artists have vied with one another in their attempts to portray the story of that which happened when God visited us in the person of a Babe in a humble manger. In response to the age-long cry of the human heart: "O that I knew where I might find God!" there came a song from the battlements of heaven: "Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." This is God telling us in language we can all understand: "I am in my world, in its natural processes, in its simple life, in its humblest places." So we love to see Christ in Bethlehem.

—Rev. Walter J. Graig.

Published Bi-Monthly by the
AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, Inc.
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

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Subscription Price, $1.00 for two years; 10c per copy

VOL. XXXIV NOVEMBER-DECEMBER
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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

The Pot and the Kettle

"Israeli soldiers have seriously disturbed the peace," wrote a London journalist. "Many lives have been lost, and innocent women and children killed." The Arabs described this incident as "a terrible attack upon a peaceful village." The British authorities said: "It was an excitable and erratic, tragic affair, and Israel must bear the blame."

Both Arabs and Israeli defended themselves with strong and positive arguments. Each claimed to be in the right. It was like the fable: the pot calling the kettle black.

To those who have eyes to see, there are black clouds hanging over that land. All the world wonders what Israel is aiming at, and what next?

The Bible gives the answer. Dr. James Yuk and his devoted assistants are calm and toil on under extreme difficulties. The glad tidings of the Gospel are proclaimed to the darkest hearts. Medicine and expert treatment are given to those with broken bodies, and many are grateful for relief administered. The grace of God defeats all the foolish "pot and kettle" philosophy.

The glorious Gospel melts the most stubborn hearts. The angels rejoice over one repentant sinner. Dr. Yuk appeals for our prayers. The work is far from easy. Let us read Isaiah's great prophetic book regularly. Turn it into prayer. Get your mind definitely on God's plan and purpose for Israel. This is of tremendous importance.

Do you need help to pray in the will of God? Read Romans 8.26, and go ahead. Don't forget Romans 10.1-2, if you desire true prosperity.

Yours in prayer-fellowship for Israel,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

1 Approach Road, Dane Park, Margate, England.

Reentered as second class matter September 7, 1945, at the Post Office at Yonkers, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of February 28, 1925. Subscription price 50c per year. Canada and foreign, 75c.

A King Is Crowned

by DR. DAVID J. FANT

On June 2, 1953, as the great of many nations assembled to render homage, Elizabeth II was crowned Queen of Great Britain. With the eyes of the world upon them, illustrious potentates of Church and State joined hands with skilled artists and craftsmen to make the occasion one of unprecedented splendor.

Now as Christmas approaches, it is appropriate we remind ourselves that one day a King of the entire universe is to be crowned. What if this year—1953—should also inaugurate the crowning of the world's King? Strange as the idea may seem, such an event was foreshadowed 2,000 years ago when a King was rejected and crowned not with gold and gems, but with thorns (Matthew 27.29). Why such rough treatment? Especially when the King was of royal birth (Matthew 2.2); had proved Himself worthy by faultless service to God and man (Acts 2.22); and had been divinely appointed to office (Hebrews 3.2)? The treatment was of necessity. God knew that mankind needed a Saviour from sin far more than a deliverer from the effects of sin. He therefore sent His Son to seek and save the lost (Luke 19.10).

In a remarkable trilogy of Psalms, David the Hebrew Psalmist had, many centuries before, seen this King on a Cross; then exalted to the right hand of the Father; and finally seated on the throne of the universe (Psalm 22, The Saviour Crucified; Psalm 23, The Shepherd Exalted; Psalm 24, The Sovereign Enthroned).

Twenty centuries later, the whole world annually commemorates the birth of that King—Jesus Christ the Lord—whose royal symbols are a lowly manger (Luke 2.7), a rugged Cross (Luke 23.33), and an empty tomb (Luke 24.6). He descended before He ascended; He impoverished Himself that He might enrich (Philippians 2.5-11).

Jesus the Christ is a King different from all others. His parents were poor and He had no unusual advantages. He raised no army, conquered no kingdoms, owned no real estate, had no bank account. He wrote no books, painted no masterpieces, composed no music. He was scorned by the great and died a criminal's death. Yet this Man has revolutionized the civilized world. Multitudes have lived and died triumphantly through faith in Him and obedience to His teachings. He has more followers in the world today than ever before. His ideals are acknowledged to be the noblest and purest ever uttered. No man has been able to find a flaw in His character. Kingdoms rise and fall, monarchs ascend their thrones and pass on. But this King lives eternal.

Christmas of 1953 breaks upon a darkened, disillusioned world. Atomic war, according to our most sober-minded statesmen, looms just around the corner.

Is there no hope? Yes, for the believer there is the best of all hopes. Jesus Christ will return to earth again (John 14.3), not as a Saviour on a Cross, but a King on a throne (Matthew 26.64).

John, the Seer of Patmos, beholding that day in his Apocalyptic vision, wrote: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever" (Revelation 11.15). Lifted out of himself by the power of this scene, the great Handel, as he composed the Hallelujah Chorus, described his experience in these words: "I did think that I did see all Heaven before me, and the Great God Himself."

That is the world's only hope, my friend, and it can be your hope. But before you know Christ as the King of kings, you must know Him as the King of your life. Make Christmas, 1953, Coronation Day. Accept Him as your Saviour now and yield yourself to Him, saying:

King of my life, I crown thee now,
Thine shall the glory be;
Lest I forget Thy thorn-crowned brow,
Lead me to Calvary.

(Dr. Fant, the Assistant Treasurer of the American-European Fellowship, is General Secretary of the New York Bible Society, His article, "A King is Crowned," is available in pamphlet form from the American Tract Society, 21 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y., and is reprinted here by permission.)

The Yule Log vs. the Backlog

Those of us who maintain households, work in offices, and serve in Church organizations know how important it is to preserve an inward peace. The holiday season brings added responsibilities, increased correspondence, further gifts for the work, longer hours, heightened social contacts, and a general feeling that it is good, even exciting, to be alive, providing that the daily burden does not crush one.

Every old-fashioned fireplace, at this season, would have a Yule log, which in ancient England was brought in with garlands and ceremonies, symbolizing the joy of Christmas. But the fireplace would also have a backlog, especially chosen for its long-burning qualities, and on this, as well as on the Yule log, would depend the brightness, warmth, and endurance of the fire.

The word "backlog" has also come to be used, rather ungraciously, to denote the piling up of undone work. In taking our annual survey of the Fellowship and of ourselves, the temptation has sometimes been to concentrate on the Yule log and temporarily forget about the backlog. This year, by the blessing of God, both are found to be equally important and equally fascinating. There is no task that is uninteresting. To write a letter, to serve a meal, to speak with fellow Church members about the things of God—all these are seen to be real privileges. For increasing years mean not only maturity, but a constant self-surrender to Him who is the Lord of Christmas and of all life. As dear Sister Christoffersen once wrote, God has a special kind of joy in store for those who desire nothing and no one but Himself.

And now, will you open your door, and let us, for an hour, share in your holiday joys? Here we all are, the officers and missionaries of the Fellowship, our hearts overflowing with interesting things to tell you in this issue and during the coming year. Dr. Gaebelein and Dr. Fant with their fine articles, one of which you have just read; our President, Mr. Graig, with his sermons; our beloved Mrs. Dowkontt, whose personal Christmas wishes we have just received; and the Secretary-Treasurer with some random notes—all are here. And with us come Tordis Christoffersen, John and Mary Kovalchuk, Charles and Edna Lukesh, Jean Rhode, Fred and Martha Stettler, Emmy Steyrer, Dr. James Yuk, Nurses Adele Dossik and Vera Naumenko-Ostrovsky, and other loved ones whom we cannot mention here. Unitedly we thank you for your faithfulness, and pray God's blessing upon you at Christmas and throughout the New Year.

THE EDITOR.

Christmas in Austria

EMMY H. STEYRER

Vienna, October 6, 1953.

My dear friends and prayer-helpers in America:-

I did not realize how much time had passed since I last let you hear from me. Many things have happened during this long interval of over a year, so I have to go far back, to tell you what we have been doing all this time.

Last December we had our annual Advent Festival, with over ninety women present. As usual on this occasion, our hall was nicely decorated in white and green, and was fragrant with fresh pine branches. There were large candles standing in a row down the middle of the long tables, which reached from one end of the hall to the other, and there was a small candle at each individual place. We sang our beautiful Advent and Christmas songs, had Scripture reading, recitation of poems, and several short speeches. A Salvation Army officer, who had served as a missionary in Korea for almost twenty years, brought us the evening message. The women always love to attend that festival. They have been coming to it for many years, some from far out of town, and the spirit was uplifting and lovely.

The climax of the evening was again the lighting of the candles. A very large candle was burning, symbolizing Jesus Christ, the Light of the World. The electric lights were turned off, while the first woman lit her small candle at the big one, receiving her light from Christ. She passed it on to her next neighbor, and so on until all the hundred candles were burning. While lighting her candle, each woman prayed silently that God might fill her with His light, and that through her life it might shine out clear and bright into dark places that are without the Gospel, and into dark hearts without Christ. Meanwhile the women whose candles were already burning recited Scripture verses about the Light. We could feel the presence of the Lord, and there was not a woman who went away unblessed. This was the last time that I could be with this group of women at the Advent Festival, but there are other groups who are already looking forward to it this year. I am no longer associated with Pastor Monsky; I have found other work, which is most necessary, and there was no one else to do it, so I felt it to be a clear leading of the Lord.

Christmas passed quietly, with the usual work and preparations, making packages, and trying to bring joy to the needy, so far as possible. I had four guests at my little home. One is a very poor girl who has nobody and is my annual guest; one the widow of an evangelical minister, who is poor and lonesome too; the third an actress who needed Christmas cheer very badly for soul and body, and the fourth a young Jewish widow in about the same condition. We had a very nice dinner, which they enjoyed so much, as they had not had anything like it for many years, and for which we had to thank our dear, faithful American friends. Then we lighted the tree and opened our presents; after this we had our devotional reading and prayer, and then we sang our lovely Christmas songs. We knew the Lord was there, and His wonderful peace filled our hearts. They still speak of the blessed time they had, and that is why I think I can tell you about it, even though another Christmas is already near again.

Right after Christmas I had a very bad heart attack. I had simply overworked myself into exhaustion, and for about a fortnight I was not able to do anything. It almost seemed as if I would not be able to do any more work in the future, but, as always, the Lord helped so that I could take it up again. He gave the needed strength, even though it was with sighing and struggling like that of Paul, and the word the Lord gave to him was and is wonderful encouragement to me. He said: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness" (II Corinthians 12.9). I have been clinging to this wonderful, never-failing strength for years, and I know it will carry me through to the end.

In June I went away for my vacation, first spending several peaceful days with the Meier-Schomburg family at their parsonage in Upper Austria, as I had done the year before. Here I found much-needed and longed-for fellowship in prayer. Then I went to Salzburg, where God has built up a great and wonderful work through the faithful, believing ministry of a sister. It is one of the very few places in Austria where there is real spiritual life to be found. I was able to attend a Bible Conference there, and came away rejoicing and greatly refreshed in soul and body.

From there I went to my little birthplace in the mountains of Styria. I had a good rest there, but yet I did not feel well, and when I came back to Vienna I was really ill. The pastor with whom I am working in the hospitals and old people's homes was going away for his vacation, and I had to substitute for him and take up the work right away. I began it in faith, and as so many times before, the Lord answered prayer in a most wonderful way. I was enabled to do the work, which is rather strenuous and includes a great deal of walking, and climbing of stairs up to the fourth floor and higher. I found that I could do this, although I had not been able to take more than three or four steps at a time, when I first came back to Vienna, because my heart was so bad. And now I am quite well again and can do all that is needed. It is like a miracle which the Lord has again wrought upon me, and it is to His honor and glory that I write this, so that you may praise Him with me. If people say that we see no miracles in our time, it is only because they don't expect any, and don't open their eyes to them; or they say, "It just happened," and therefore they don't realize what God is doing.

Our work here consists mostly of passing out the Gospel to single individuals or small groups, and I find that this is at present the most important thing. Often it seems as though our labor were in vain, and as if the Word did not accomplish that which God pleases, and did not prosper in the thing whereto it was sent (Isaiah 55.11), but still we have God's promise for it. We have just to toil on faithfully and prayerfully, and He will bring it to pass. To encourage us when Satan is trying hard to discourage us, the dear Lord gives us a glimpse of what He is doing quietly but surely in secret. Only yesterday I met a woman at the market-place who used to come to our women's meetings in one of the colonies at the edge of the city. She moved away, further out, and I had not seen her for a long time. She was so happy to see me, and told me how much she has missed our meetings, for there is no Evangelical church or mission where she lives now. But in our meetings she learned to read and to understand and to love the Word of God, and she reads it daily, rejoicing over it and trusting the Lord. She told me also that a friend of hers, who used to come to the meetings with her, but emigrated later to Holland and was married there, had been in Vienna a short time ago, with her seventeen-year-old daughter (by her first husband, who died in the war) and with her new husband. It was he who told this woman what a good wife and stepmother her friend made, how happy they were together, because she was such a fine Christian woman, and that he was converted

through her. And she had first found the Lord at the colony, through our meetings. It made me very happy to hear this. The Lord is so good and merciful, always just at the right moment, when disappointments would make us weak, sending us a little light and hope. At such times He lets us see how, unnoticed by us, He answers prayer, and uses our feeble efforts to do great things in His Kingdom.

In the same place we have only a very small group of women, and we miss these two faithful ones; but those who do come, come always. There is an old lady, over seventy, with an aching, crippled leg, who has to walk a very long distance, in summer through the heat and dust without shade, in winter through snow, storm or mud, yet she hardly ever misses a meeting, because she finds them so helpful and so blessed. I am afraid she won't be able to come this winter, because she is getting rather feeble, and therefore I am planning sometimes to hold the meetings at her house, where her daughter and grandchild may attend too, and also some other women who live near her. A younger woman there has opened her heart to the Lord, and she is so happy. Unfortunately her husband, an unbeliever, is drawing her little girl to his side, away from the mother and from God. We are praying for both of them, and would appreciate it greatly if you would join us to pray them into the Kingdom.

A great difficulty out in those towns is the lack of proper meeting-places. People there are not very friendly toward each other. If we have the meeting at one place, some of the women won't come, because they "will not enter that house," and if we have it at another house, others won't come just because it is there. Please remember this problem before the Lord. If the pastor comes out once every month or six weeks, he is permitted to use a side-room of the Catholic Church. People out there are hard to win, anyhow. They don't trust you; they have gone through so much that they can hardly believe that you love them and have only come to help them. There is one woman, for example: when first I came to visit her, she would not listen, but closed the door in my face. The next time I knew better, and I put my foot quickly inside, so that she could not close the door, and had to listen and let me in. But she was cross and said she had no time for such things, no time for meetings, no time for Bible-reading and prayer, and no time to listen to me or to read the tracts which I had brought with me. But I came again and again, until she realized that I did not want anything of her, but simply wanted to help her. Now she never misses a meeting; her face has changed so much, the hardness and bitterness has disappeared. her eyes sparkle, and although her life is very hard, she trusts the Lord, and bears her burden without complaining. I am not sure whether she has already accepted the Lord for her personal Saviour, but if she has not, she certainly is not far from it.

It is quite a problem to reach the people in the colonies. The little houses stand back from the road in the midst of orchards; the gate is locked, many have no bell, one just has to call, and they don't hear. Or they won't come to open the gate, if they see through the window that it is a stranger or somebody they don't want to let in. Many of them have been Catholics, but have left the church for political reasons, and when later they had to belong to some church (for the sake of the children, who could not attend school if they did not), they joined the Lutheran Evangelical Church. Their names are entered there in the books, but they don't know what it means, and don't care, and never go to church. Another sad thing is that the members of the Evangelical Church, with comparatively few exceptions, never read the Bible. In many cases they have none, or it is so well packed away that they can't reach it. They don't need it, they say, they know all that is

written therein, for they have learned it at the time of their confirmation. I am trying to put a New Testament in the hands of every Evangelical Christian in the old people's homes and other institutions which I visit five times a week. Since being relieved of the work at the mission, I can pay longer visits to the bedridden people, and can tell them more of the Lord, read with them and pray, tell them what the Lord has done for me, and prove to them His saving and healing power.

Some of the Catholic priests are lately again trying hard to make proselytes. Chiefly they want to win back those who originally were Catholics and have become Protestants. If the patients are already too weak to resist, they simply "make" them Catholics against their own will and the will of their relatives, and against the law, sometimes in the most drastic way. The other day I was going through a large ward, when all at once I heard someone calling my name. I found that it was a woman who used to come to our meetings in one of the colonies. She was very much excited and could hardly tell me what had happened. She had a stroke two years ago and has to open her mouth wide to be able to get the words out so that one can understand her. She said that a Catholic priest had been by her bed and asked her to confess her sins. She told him that she was a Protestant, but he insisted upon her confession. When she did not give in, he got very angry, and ordered her to open her mouth, as he wanted to give her the communion (without confession or prayer or any preparation). He said that she was acting very stupidly, for her religion was no religion at all, and she had to become a Catholic. She said that she would not take the "holy wafer," but as she opened her lips to speak, he pushed it into her mouth. She nearly choked, and had a heart attack on account of the excitement. This is not the only case of this kind, and as soon as they have taken the communion they are entered in their books as converted Catholics. Of course not all priests act like that; some, mostly the younger ones, are considerate and nice. There is usually only one Protestant in a ward with ten or more other patients, and they often have to endure persecution, spiteful nagging and derision: and yet, when our pastor comes to give the Lord's Supper to an evangelical patient, the Catholics gather around and listen and talk of it a long time afterwards, because they found it so beautiful.

You see, our dear friends, how much we need your prayers, for alone in our own strength and wisdom, we could not solve all the problems that arise from day to day. Therefore it means so much to us when we know you are backing us up, and we can depend upon your sympathy and your fellowship in prayer.

Physical conditions are becoming almost normal for those who have the money to pay for the necessities of life, but for the hundreds of thousands who have only a small pension of about eighteen to twenty dollars a month, life is very hard, and we have to help wherever we can. Just one example. There is a dear young girl of Jewish descent, a music teacher, who has only a few pupils, and they can pay very little. She cannot find any other work, so she has to live with her mother on her pension of 380 shillings ($15.00) a month. Of course both have been starving for years, and freezing in winter. The old lady is sick most of the time, and they have nobody to help them if we can't. I let you know all this to make you see that Austria's troubles are not over yet, even when the show-windows are almost bursting with beautiful and good and useful things. Behind the curtain it looks different, and there God alone can help. In Him we trust, and not in vain. His love and mercy endure forever. He has never yet forsaken us, and He will not, we have His word for it, which cannot be broken. Although it looks so dark all around, the sun is shining on the other side of the cloud, and there is a glorious

day coming that will change everything in the twinkling of an eye, and we shall be at home with God! Meanwhile let us stand firmly on His promises, keep on working and praying and trusting until He comes, and we shall all meet in the sky. With true Christian love and gratitude,

Yours in the Lord,

EMMY H. STEYRER.

The Whole Family of God

Nice, November 17, 1953.

"The whole family in heaven and earth."

My dear fellow-workers in Him:-

During my journey this summer—not altogether vacation, for God gave me many open doors and precious opportunities—this thought often came to me, of the whole family of God. For wherever you meet a true child of God, a born-again Christian, you are conscious of the family relationship; the land and the language does not matter,—you are united to Him and to one another, and it is wonderful thus to belong. When I started out, sitting in the train, I was opposite a Jewish boy of fifteen. We had many points of contact, for we had both passed through the war years, with all the suffering and persecution; and this gave an opening into the great questions of Israel, of her present and her future. This clever youth understood and listened with an open ear; pray with us for his entrance into the Kingdom.

In Heidelberg I visited the American center, which is a small town of its own, with a hospital, a school for the children, and a church. I had real fellowship with the pastor and quite a group of officers and soldiers, and for me, who love and owe so much to America, it was a grand occasion. Twice I spoke at the Salvation Army meetings, and it was something never to be forgotten; many wept, as I told of my experiences with the Jews. And this is the only place that I visited in Germany where there was a sense of guilt, of repentance. The two lady officers were of the family, and late in the evening we sat with the Word and in prayer. They asked questions, and the Word gave the answer. And a young man who for years had been coming, was convicted: he followed me and realized that all his hidden sin must be confessed; he was ready for the Lord's working.

The long, beautiful tour up the Rhine afforded countless opportunities to give out the word. The pamphlet, "Seven Things," was distributed by the thousand, and personal talks were possible with many. The sowing beside all waters is always precious. His word shall prosper; as we water with believing prayers, He will give the increase.

I attended the great "Kirchentag" in Hamburg, and after having seen so many cities in ruins, one is arrested by all that has been done in construction and restoration. Everything was prepared, down to the last moment of this immense gathering, which at the closing service, on an open-air field, counted 250,000 people. One could not but marvel at everything: the tram and train, the musical programs, the hotels and private quarters, the dining-hall which seated 35,000 people. All went without the least disturbance,—but how often have I heard and felt that these clever people are conscious of their great capacity; and it is not easy to accept and admire.

President Adenauer came—he wanted, as a Christian Catholic, to show his appreciation—and he gave 200,000 marks to help the 15,000 people who came from the East Zone. And what a moment it was when the trains rolled

in—we all bowed and sang: "A mighty fortress is our God." My fellowship with many of those who lived by the Iron Curtain was precious. These people have prospered: they are rich toward God. Quiet talks with young women who have wholly surrendered brought moments of praise and prayer.

There were guests from many lands, and we listened to the greatest speakers of this continent. Pastor Niemoller was among them. But there was not a word of guilt and repentance; there was a sense of forgetting and going ahead. Denmark, my beloved country, also lives without the sense of its deep needs, although there are, as always, those who see things in the light of the Word and eternity. There were precious hours of study and prayer, with such as belong to the family of God.

This is written to those who love the Lord, who belong to the family, who are conscious of the deep needs of the family—of repentance, of bowed heads, of humbled hearts—who realize that our only hope is in Him, and that He is able, if we will pay the price, make everything right with Him and one another, and then give ourselves to prayer and fasting continually, in full dependence on the great God and Father of the family.

We listen over the radio to Billy Graham's "Hour of Decision" and to "Back to the Bible," we read many mission papers, and we are conscious of the "One Body," striving in prayer together with others here in France; but they are few, and the darkness is great. So you must help us in praying for revival within the Body, and for us, that we may be kept steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

With the love of the Lord Jesus, and a prayerful heart, I greet you in His Name, and remain by grace,

Your fellow-worker in France,

TORDIS CHRISTOFFERSEN.

Greetings from Argentina

Bowen, Mendoza, October 8, 1953.

Dear Sister in the Lord, Ekaterina Normanovna:-

Yesterday the evening train from Buenos Aires brought us a good deal of mail, chiefly from the United States, including magazines and letters. Among them was your letter with the check for October. Every time we receive such a letter, our hearts are filled with gratitude to God for His care of us in our weakness. We also are whole-heartedly grateful to God for all the dear friends whom He has given us. In our daily prayers we bring you before the Lord, asking Him to bless you abundantly.

Yes, indeed, how swiftly the time flies! You mentioned Brother Fred Stettler and his family in Switzerland. A short while ago I was looking at a photograph of him and his family, and thinking how swiftly everything passes. He and his wife are now grandparents, their children are grown up. And it seems only a little while ago that I met him in Poland, when he was still a young bachelor. I remember once taking part with him in a Polish meeting in Warsaw. He was preaching in German, with an interpretation into the Polish language. He took as an example the sheep feeding in the mountains of Switzerland, and how the rapacious eagles kept flying above them, seeking their prey. Just so, he said, the devil goes about as a raging lion, seeking whom he may devour. Truly our allotted span of life on earth passes by swiftly and imperceptibly! And at a fixed time, it may be very soon, the news will appear that our career has reached its end. With Moses the man of God, we may wholeheartedly exclaim: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Psalm 90.12).

Brother Stettler has labored much for the Lord, in various places and lands. During the comparatively short time of his ministry in Poland, he was able, in addition to many other activities, to publish and distribute splendid Evangelical tracts in various languages, which beyond doubt have brought much blessing. May the Lord reward him for his diligent service, both past and present. He is a faithful and consecrated worker. May the Lord bless his children also, for His glory and for their own happiness.

Yes, truly, you are having autumn now, but with us it is spring. You are having a beautiful autumn, but with us the spring has brought driving snowstorms and swift cold winds, driving the sand before them in a cloud. All of this is not very good for an enfeebled body, and it renders a man unfit for work. But gradually the weather is growing warmer and calmer. We have had no rain for more than half a year. Sometimes it seems as if clouds are appearing, and it is getting ready to rain. There is a kind of conflict going on in the atmosphere. Suddenly there comes a strong wind, which disperses all the clouds; there is no water in them. The summer brings sultry sunshine and scorching heat. At noontide, as at midnight, you hardly ever meet anyone on the street. They have all taken shelter, and are resting in their homes until the heat subsides a little.

We are glad, dear sister, that you are well again and once more laboring with full strength in the work of the Lord. Glory to Him! The Lord in His mercy has strengthened us also, after our ailments of the past winter. Only I am not yet able to take those long and continuous trips to our distant mission stations. But the Lord helps me to labor according to my strength, here in the Province of Mendoza. Not long ago, with the help of two brethren from the center in Buenos Aires, I held a series of meetings in the colony of Escandinavia, and made a great many visitations to the homes. The meetings were good, and well attended. The regular worship services are also going nicely. From time to time we have special meetings, which give a splendid opportunity to testify to Christ, in the presence of many.

Two weeks ago, Brother I. Ivanov's wife died, leaving eight children. Before the interment there was a large outdoor meeting beside their house, which is situated on a farm about four kilometers from Bowen. There was a great deal of testimony. The dead woman lay there silently in her coffin, but she spoke powerfully to all who were present, of the fact that each one in his own time must come face to face with death. She was only forty-two years of age, but she suddenly went away into eternity, leaving her husband and eight children weeping heart-brokenly and without consolation. When Brother Ivanov and his late wife arrived here from Europe, they had to endure many hardships in this new land. They labored to the point of exhaustion. Often the hail would beat down their harvest, and they and their children would experience want and hunger, but they remained faithful to the Lord, under all kinds of trials. Now she had unexpectedly slipped away into eternity, having been faithful to God even unto death. Her husband and children are left in a most difficult situation. The have large debts; their only cow broke her leg and had to be destroyed, and their harvest for the past summer was all ruined by the hail. This sister, after her short life of struggle, had now passed into rest. But how hard it was for her to part from her husband and children, when she was being taken to the hospital! She seemed to feel that she would not see them again on earth. But now she lies quietly, not hearing the wails of her children around her. Someone has indeed said truly: "So little time, so much experience!"

After the meeting beside Brother Ivanov's house, the dead woman was borne to the cemetery, which is about four kilometers distant. There, by the grave, there was further reading and preaching from the Word of God, in Russian and in Spanish. May the Lord bless all that was said, and use it for

the salvation of perishing souls, and for His own glory, now and forever.

But thanks be to God that in this life of ours not everything is sorrow, there is also joy. We are not always faced with death, lamentations and burial; there is also merrymaking and rejoicing. We, the redeemed of the Lord, must see His hand in everything, must do all in His Name, and glorify Him. "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him" (Colossians 3.17). This past week, at our Church in the colony of Escandinavia, we had great rejoicing on the occasion of the wedding of two young people, Paul and Mary, both members of the Church. This took place on a Saturday evening. Our large prayer-hall was packed absolutely full of people, and some, because of the lack of space, stood outside and looked in through the windows. Some wanted to catch a glimpse of the young couple, others wanted to see the marriage ceremony and to hear what was said. This was a wonderful opportunity for testimony. We spoke both in Spanish and in Russian. May the Lord bless all that was done. After the wedding, at the invitation of the bride's parents, many went to the wedding supper in their home, where also there was much joy. The following day, Sunday, the meeting was just as packed with people as before.

In the town of Bowen we hold regular evening meetings twice a week, and the attendance has gradually increased, until the private house is now overcrowded. We must think about building a hall, since the need for it is so great. The Sunday School for the children is also going well. Bowen is a rapidly growing community, thanks to the Slavs and many other emigrants who come here. We already have a number of different faiths represented here, such as Roman Catholics, Russian Orthodox, Greek Orthodox, Protestants, and more recently there have begun to appear certain false sects, such as the Russellites and others. May the Lord preserve His redeemed ones in purity and holiness. We ask your prayers to this end.

Yours in His service,
JOHN and MARY KOVALCHUK.

Greetings from Florida

St. Petersburg, Florida, November 10, 1953.

Dear Sister Ruth:-

Your kind letter with the enclosed allowance was received with thanksgiving to God. I am well, and my sister Helen is working; we do give God thanks. You know that we are making our home together here now. The city is becoming quite active. There are a number of tourists, and many who have their winter homes here.

Recently I made two trips to Tampa, and was deeply moved each time by the consciousness of the Lord's leading and blessing. There was real liberty in witnessing to Jews and Gentiles. The field is much more difficult in St. Petersburg, where neither Jew nor Gentile wishes to hear. But there are some who will listen. They are miracles of God's grace and power. Not long ago a Jewess reared in Christian Science accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour. I had shown her and asked her to read John 1.29, after speaking to her of the need of a sacrifice for sin. She exclaimed: "I see it!" Then, as I pointed her to the twelfth verse of the same chapter, she opened her heart and received the Lamb of God as her personal Saviour. Such instances are rare, but the witness goes on, and prayer continues. Praise the Lord!

We had unusually fine weather all during October, and I was enabled to get around and find opportunities to speak to precious souls about the Lord's wonderful work on the Cross for sinners. Today there were a number of Catholics to whom God let me speak. The only Jew whom I encountered did not receive the witness! Just a few minutes ago a newsboy came to my door. I asked him where he went to Sunday School. He mentioned a church in the neighborhood. I asked him if he were taught why Jesus came into the world. He couldn't tell me. It was a joy to lead that boy to accept the Lord as his personal Saviour.

I must go out to seek some contacts now. The Lord bless, guide, keep and care for you always.

Lovingly yours,

JEAN W. RHODE.

(One reading these lines is moved to ask, "What about my newsboy, my mailman, my milkman, all those who serve me? Do they know that I am a Christian? Do I know whether they are Christians?"—Editor.)

Greetings from Switzerland

Biel-Mett, Switzerland, October 10, 1953.

Dear Sister Ruth:-

Your letter of September 29th arrived punctually, with the check enclosed. Thanks to the Lord and to all who have such an active interest, and who make it possible to keep up the good work. Only eternity will reveal what it all means, and how far-reaching this ministry has been. There we shall "reap without ending." So we want to be sowing without ceasing.

Martha and myself have been five days in Germany, to visit again the many refugees from Poland. We were in a camp of four thousand persons. There was a family of seven, with a baby seven weeks old, living in one room, and imagine, they wanted us to spend the night with them in that same room. However, we felt we should not accept this offer, no matter how well it was meant; so we took an inexpensive room in a hostel. It took seven hours of fast driving to reach the camp, and during the nights it seemed that I was still driving. Coming home after driving close to a thousand miles, I felt as though all my nerves were twitching.

But the opportunities among the refugees, whom we had not seen since leaving Poland fifteen years ago, made it worth while. One young man whom we had in our Bible courses in Poland hugged me as if he would never let me go, both when we were coming and when we were going. Many of these men have started meetings in western Germany, where there had been none before, and the work grows. In one place, a brother whose father had been murdered started out in a Roman Catholic environment, but already they have a choir and a nice group, meeting regularly. We supplied the song-books and the Christian literature to aid in spreading the Gospel in their neighborhood.

The most important aspect of our trip, however, was that a new branch of Gospel literature has been developed, and German Christian workers have already spent some five hundred marks for the publication of their own Gospel tracts. Now for poor people this is quite an effort. We trust that some 60,000 Gospel tracts can be published for them. In November there is usually

the "Totensonntag" (Sunday of the Dead), a day when every Catholic goes to the cemetery to decorate the graves and to burn candles. For this day we have been asked to publish some 50,000 tracts, and at every cemetery gate, in very many German and Swiss towns, will be standing Christian workers, who will pass out a specially suitable message of the Gospel of Christ. Rarely does anyone ever refuse the message, on this hallowed ground.

We are happy to say that friends of ours have made provision for the printing of more than a quarter million of Gospel tracts and pamphlets. For many months we had radically to cut down all expenses, just to meet the unpaid bills of the printers. This in spite of the fact that we have an increasing demand for literature. Of late we have sent considerable quantities to France, and even automobiles have come and loaded from 60 to 150 pounds in a single day. We often part very reluctantly with such shipments, as we do not know just when we can replenish the stocks.

Recently a dear sister in Christ, who has been a teacher of music for some thirty years, has sent us the words and music of an original song. This is now being printed on a card, in thousands of copies. We know this "Joy" song will spread in hundreds of Churches, and be a great encouragement to many. It is based on the words: "The light of the righteous rejoiceth" (Proverbs 13.9). That is what we need for ourselves,—rejoice more and more. May He grant you more and more joy too, in spite of the fact that even Christian work is often so little appreciated and remunerated.

Now kind greetings and Christian love to you.

FRED STETTLER and family.

(Brother Stettler's year-end report, just received, is too long to be included in this issue, and too fine to be condensed, so it will appear next time.—Editor.)

Greetings from Germany

Quoting II Corinthians 1.8, "For we would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble," our Brother Charles Lukesh reports a missionary journey interrupted by a severe facial swelling and infection, with fever, which set him back in his correspondence for a week. In spite of this difficulty, he continued to hold meetings and deal personally with people as long as possible. Now happily recovered, he notes an anniversary: "By the way, these days, thirty years ago, it was decided that I should go to Czechoslovakia with the Fellowship, sailing January 16, 1924." Thirty years! The Fellowship enlists workers for long terms, with few furloughs. We still have picture post-cards sent by Brother Charles in those early days, and we remember his loneliness and concern before Sister Edna came to be his faithful helpmeet. If any of our readers would care to write these devoted workers a few words of congratulation and further encouragement, they may be sent to the home office of the Fellowship, and will be promptly forwarded. Tribute should be paid here, also, to the faithful friends of the Hudsonville (Michigan) Baptist Church, who for several years have largely and consistently supported the work of the Lukeshes. A further fine report from them will appear in our January-February issue.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, Oct.-Nov., 1953

(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

36865-$15.00	36888--$5.00	36911-$15.00	36934--$5.00
36866---5.00	36889---5.00	36912---5.00	36935--20.00
36867--10.00	36890--15.00	36913--21.00	36936--10.00
36868--15.00	36891--15.00	36914--50.00	36937---5.00
36869--10.00	36892---2.00	36915---5.00	36938---5.00
36870---5.00	36893--10.00	36916--10.00	36939---2.00
36871--10.00	36894--26.00	36917---5.00	36940---2.00
36872---1.00	36895--15.00	36918--11.00	36941--50.00
36873--10.00	36896---2.00	36919---3.00	36942---2.00
36874--50.00	36897--25.00	36920--50.00	36943--20.00
36875---6.00	36898---1.00	36921---2.00	36944---5.00
36876--75.00	36899---5.00	36922--14.96	36945---6.00
36877---5.00	36900--10.00	36923--10.00	36946--10.00
36878---2.00	36901--56.91	36924--25.00	36947--30.00
36879---3.00	36902--50.00	36925--10.00	36948-100.00
36880---5.00	36903--40.00	36926--37.00	36949---6.00
36881--10.00	36904--10.00	36927--75.00	36950--10.00
36882--15.00	36905--35.00	36928--20.00	36951---5.00
36883--10.00	36906--38.00	36929--15.00	36952--15.00
36884--75.00	36907---3.00	36930--10.00	36953--25.00
36885---1.00	36908---5.00	36931--50.00	36954--35.00
36886---5.00	36909--75.00	36932---2.00	36955---5.00
36887--50.00	36910--20.00	36933--10.00	36956---1.00

A CARE holiday leaflet, from which we quote by permission, contains a fine paragraph headed: "CARE—Your Ambassador of Good Will." It reads as follows: "Thousands of CARE donors send CARE packages throughout the year. All of you who use CARE's designated package service will have a measure of satisfaction in knowing that the year-round volume of orders makes possible CARE's world-wide General Relief and Self-Help Programs. Whether you send a CARE package to a friend or relative, or contribute to CARE's overall program, you share on a person-to-person basis in all the activities of CARE. You *are* CARE, and in the name of all those who have been remembered through your generosity, we thank you warmly."

Elsewhere in the same leaflet, we read: "CARE gift packages offer greater values than ever before. Parcel post rates have been substantially raised; however, CARE package prices are in no way increased. For a personally assembled package, comparable in weight to an average $10 CARE package, parcel post fees alone would cost a minimum of $5. By quantity purchasing and shipping, with speedier deliveries from overseas stockpiles, significant savings are possible. As apparent in all CARE package prices, these savings are passed on to you."

Finally, a representative of CARE has gracious words for us: "I am grateful to you for sending me THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD. I feel that in the reports about your members' work, the information it contains, and the stories, your magazine expresses a selflessness, dedication and true humility which follows in the path of our Christian teachings. I think, too, that you create an intimate sense of belonging in the way you present your subject-matter."